



The Sorting (Continued)



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Chapter 1 by Abigail Holland

(If you want to view the previous chapters, you can go to my page)

Chapter 8 by Kendall

The tension in the room died down after numerous hand shakes, sweaty hugs, and slobbery cheek kisses. I have never felt more overwhelmed than this moment in all of my sixteen years. My heart rate began to pace itself again as I caught sight of my new friend. Amaryllis waited in a dark corner for me to inch my way out of the mass of people. She was tall and lengthy, but not in an unattractive way. She was made of muscle, and with each curve of light, another scar was illuminated.

The sudden glint of her green eyes caught my attention, as she caught me staring. Her lips curled slightly and she nodded, swinging her long legs away from the rock wall. She made her way over to me, the way she carried herself made her look older, more cultivated.

"Done yet, numbnuts?" her voice was deep for that of a female, but it resined in my chest, and made me feel welcomed.

"What? Oh, um, yeah," I sheepishly looked back behind me and rubbed my neck.

Amaryllis smirked, locked onto my right arm with a firm grasp, and started for a dim opening in the cave.

She led the both of us away from the cave, and into the arid heat of the night. I had never seen nature like this before. The walls of the cave looked like the streets of the city. Here, it seemed as though the trees were the hands of the city, and the sun was the head of the city. The supressive hands of the

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City Keepers. Trees reached ungodly heights and I had to crane my neck to find the highest branch.

"They're beautiful right?" Amaryllis noticed my attempt to take it all in. "I know what you're thinking. I would spend nights out here just staring at the trees after my father got us out of the city."

"Us?" I didn't mean to pry, but the word intrigued me...

Something hitched in Amaryllis's throat as she realized what she had just revealed to me. She slowly faced her body toward mine. The blue-grey tint of the moon made her dark hair glossy and her scars look like ancient paintings.

"It used to be more than just my father and I. As the rebellion my father led began to get heated, the Choice-Makers sent in waves of soldiers to eliminate the threats. They began The Sweep by setting the shops in my district on fire, flushing out everyone inside."

I couldn't catch myself before I had interrupted her, "Your district?"

She swallowed down her objection and stared at me. Her olive green eyes pierced holes through my head, and a shiver crept down my spine.

"I came from the red district," her tone sounded as if it was obvious, although, I would have thought of her as a dark blue.

I watched her intently as she shifted in her black vest. It was bulky, making it look heavy and uncomfortable. I silently begged her to go on.

"Anyways," Amaryllis shifted her gaze from my sad soul to her boots and continued. "I had a mom. But she was herded into the labor fields with a bunch of other people. It was so chaotic... we hadn't noticed that she was missing until we heard the soldiers firing... She was executed with the rest of them."

My stomach fills with sand and wants to sink me into the ground. I remember when the Choice-Makers made public announcements about riots in the red district. They implemented a mass genocide, referred to as The Sweep, meant to clean everyone out of the rioting district, innocent or not. That was maybe seven months ago.

I open my mouth to offer a weak excuse of consolation, but she begins to speak in her low, thick voice.

"I had an older brother, but his name was M. Like I haven't seen him since the riots began. And that's why you're here," she spoke, and I knew she was holding off on telling me something.

"He was a Purple too."

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Chapter 3 Part 2



"My brother was not like the rest of us. My father had always been a rebel - a Red who married light blue - and I always followed in his footsteps. My mother was a woman with wide eyes, a dreamer, and she had always loved the idea of the rebellion."

I tried to remember her family. I think I had heard whispers of her mother, the gossip about her cross-district marriage, and then none after her disappearance. I hadn't noticed a thing.

"My brother was a kind soul. Malik, he was too nice for his own good. He would have been a good leader, firm and smart and caring. The riots in Red- they came after his sorting. I wish I could have saved him, but-"

"That's why you saved me." I mutter. "Not so that you could help the rebellion, but because of your brother."

"Maybe." Amaryllis replies. "After my sorting I moved to the Red district, only to find what had happened to my Father and all of the rebellion. The place was so small, so ruinous, and I escaped when they tried to put me in a work camp."

"The thing on your wrist." I say. "You made it?"

"It's a transporter," She adds. "And yeah, I did. Unfortunately I don't have the supplies for any more, but at least I have this one."

"You're a genius." I utter in awe. "I have a quick question - why did you tell me not to show them the stone, before, in the caverns? Nothing bad came of it when I did, and-"

"My father thinks this rebellion is one that we can win. He thinks that through that stone, we can save the world." Amaryllis replies. "I love my father, but I know better. Be careful. They are going to drag you in to this fight, and you aren't going to make it out alive."

With that she slipped away in to the trees and I was left staring where she had gone, uncertain what had happened.

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